

Good Night Stories

By Blanche Selver
Illustrated by Gruelle

BILLY DEER MOUSE GIVES BUNNY SOME GOOD ADVICE.

DURING the afternoon a heavy snow had fallen, and when Bunny Rabbit awakened and started out in search of something to eat he found all his old marking places hidden in drifts of snow.

"What shall I do?" he cried, hopping on through the woods in hopes of finding some spot uncovered. "I'm dreadfully hungry."

"Hungry?" asked a tiny voice, and Bunny Rabbit's little friend, Billy Deer Mouse, scooted out from under a brush pile. "Did some one steal your winter supplies? It always pays to put them away in a safe place and the safest place to my notion is in the trunks of hollow trees. Not all in one spot, but scatter them about."

"That certainly sounds silly to me," grunted Bunny Rabbit, who was so hungry he just couldn't be civil to any one. "How much better it would be to store all your supplies in one tree, then you'd never have to hunt for your store-rooms."

"And have some greedy fellow come along and steal everything like you've lost yours?" laughed Billy Deer Mouse, shaking his long, slender tail.

"But no one stole mine!" cried Bunny Rabbit crossly. "I never had any to steal. My rabbits never store food. I think it silly, but if I did, I'd store it where I lived and not scattered all over the woods like you silly folks do."

"Oh, I do keep some beechnuts and a few acorns at home where I can get them easily when I want them," replied Billy Deer Mouse. "But now just, for instance, if I had stored my whole hoard of nuts and acorns in the maple where I live some woodman would come along and chop down the tree, what would I do then? Why, I'd starve to death, that's what would happen to me."

"Well, I never thought of things in that light," said Bunny. "But I guess after all, you're wiser than I thought you were."

"Certainly I am," laughed Billy Deer Mouse. "Why, every nut I gather I take out of the shell and tuck the kernels in holes in tree trunks, first lining the holes with soft leaves. If you'll only tell any one I'll tell you a secret. I even store my food in chinks of fences and in the pockets of the ground. When the farmers cut their grain I scatter it away and stored enough to keep a good-sized family all winter long. If you're really hungry I'll give you a basketful to keep you until the snow goes away."

Bunny Rabbit thanked Billy Deer Mouse and went home with him, where Billy Deer Mouse filled his big basket with food.

"It wouldn't be a bad idea to let this be a lesson to you. You should always put aside some food for just such occasions as this," said Billy Deer Mouse as he bid Bunny Rabbit good-by, but he knew full well that Bunny Rabbit would forget his counsel. And I guess he did, for to this day Bunny Rabbit never thinks of food until the snow goes away. Then if he's lucky enough to find it, well and good; if not, Bunny Rabbit goes hungry.

"That Sounds Silly to Me."

To-morrow's HOROSCOPE

By Genevieve Kemble

SUNDAY AND MONDAY, DEC. 15-16.

Sunday promises to be a very active and interesting, if not exciting, day, but the impulse or opportunity for sudden changes, removals or journeys should be kept well in hand, as they may only lead to disappointment or disaster. Women especially should be conservative and discreet, for which they will have the assistance of Venus trine Saturn—fostering prudence and sincerity through inclining to acute feelings, pity and tears.

Those whose birthday it is should have an active year, but may well avoid travel and change, and be very discreet. A child born on this day will be energetic and enterprising.

Monday promises to hold some peculiar events or situations, though with proper discrimination they should bring forth happiness, pleasure and prosperity; though much of this depends on the power to overcome the material impediments, incited by the lunar transit. There should be financial gain and benefits arising from dealings with associations, combinations, legitimate intrigues and secret orders. There will be a strong tendency to pleasure, though the mind will be steady and the conduct prudent.

Those whose birthday it is should have a pleasant year, and a profitable one if they avoid litigation and extravagance. A child born on this day should have a happy and prosperous life, being clever, accomplished, affectionate, prudent. They should always avoid litigation.

MY SOLDIER HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's Continuation of

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

What Lillian Came to Tell Midge and to Counsel Her.

I WAS at the door, halfway down the walk before Lillian had finished paying and dismissing the taxi driver.

"Oh, Lillian!" I gasped, all the terror I had suppressed overwhelming me at the sight of this faithful friend, whose sudden appearance I was sure meant certain news of some kind. "You've heard? You know something about Dick?" Was his squadron on that ship?

She put her arm around me firmly, protectively. "I think you may hope for the best," she said, but her eyes didn't meet mine, and my heart seemed to stop beating.

"Come into the house, dear," she continued quietly, and I tried to obey her, but I felt myself dragging heavily on her arm, knew that without her strong support I would have found walking a problem.

She led me into the living-room, and attempted to put me into a chair, but I straightened myself with an effort. "Tell me the truth, Lillian," I said firmly. "You must, I'm strong enough to hear it now. But don't let Midge hear anything. Is it—Dick's dead?"

"I don't think so," Lillian returned promptly. "But I can't be sure until I have other advice from Washington, and those may not come for several days."

Certain News.

"Was he on the torpedoed ship?" I asked, for I knew she hadn't come to my door in such haste without having some definite news.

She hesitated only a moment, then put her arms around me closely. "Yes, dear, he was, but on the small list of survivors available there appears the name of 'E. Graham.' You know—no, of course you don't, but I do—how inaccurate are the spelling and initials of those first lists. The name is most probably it, Graham."

"But Lillian," I faltered, hesitating to grasp the hope she held out to me for fear it might be disproved later. "May there not have been other Grahams on board? I don't see how that gives much hope for Dick. And—how do you know Dick was on board the ship?"

The words were unspoken, but the spirit behind them wasn't, and Lillian was too big a woman to notice the positive knowledge I have kept the wires to Washington hot this morning, worked at the thing from every angle, and that influence, perhaps, had helped you see, they simply cannot give out half-knowledge. It wouldn't be fair to the families of the men on that ship."

"The survivors have been landed in many different places on the coast. It will be days before they can finish checking up the lists and comparing those lists with survivors of the ship who were embarked. But you can rest assured of one thing. You will have the very first list available. I brought you a grain of common sense. There are a thousand survivors of that accident. The name of Graham is on the small list sent out. The chances of my being wrong are slim. I stood motionless with Lillian's arms around me.

husband's safety were only fragments of the imagination at best. But I couldn't keep that imagination from running riot in terrified visions of Dick, killed by the first explosion, or thrown into the water and drowned in spite of his skill as a swimmer, or mangled still, dashed to pieces when the lifeboats struck the rocks. My husband died a thousand deaths, and I went into the valley of the shadow with him in each one during the moments that I stood motionless with Lillian's arms around me.

Composure Demanded.

Presently I felt her drawing me toward a chair. "See here, Midge," she said with a tone of authority. "I want you to stop this."

"I am not doing anything," I said, bewildered. "Nothing except imagining every horror in the world," she retorted. "Now be very quiet. Please exercise a grain of common sense. There are a thousand survivors of that accident. The name of Graham is on the small list sent out. The chances of my being wrong are slim. I stood motionless with Lillian's arms around me."

Dick had been on that torpedoed ship, I knew. I had seen the grain of news Lillian had brought. All conjectures as to the identity of "E. Graham," all hopes or fears as to my

Little Stories of the Nations

TIME'S ASTONISHING CHANGES IN THE GROUPINGS OF THE EARTH'S PEOPLES

By Albert Barrett Sayres

How the Aryans Came Out of Asia.

REALIZING that there was a time when all the Aryan races lived together as one race with a common language, we naturally look for an understanding of the time and the cause or causes that made them separate.

No one is able to tell with any definiteness just when the Aryan peoples were dispersed. We can only set the time as a period lost in the mists of prehistoric history. Nor are we able to give the causes for this separation, save to speculate upon the characters of these peoples today and in their prehistoric days.

It may have been that they were driven out of Asia by the forces of nature, or by conquering peoples. They may have simply responded to the lure of the beyond, for their descendants today are the explorers of the world. Or they may have migrated through pressure of growing populations that could not comfortably be sustained by the land where they dwelt. Any one of these may have been the cause, or all may have had their effects.

The First Settlements.

What we do know is that the Aryan race left Asia in a great band that divided into two bands, and that these bands in their turn separated and again divided during long periods of time. The geographical relations of Asia to what we call Europe and Africa naturally divide the bands along certain paths. A glance at the map will show us the most of the bands went to Europe, and why only comparatively few migrated to the westward.

In most cases they did not enter upon uninhabited lands. Among the peoples who lived in these countries they came in contact with, and for the most part they drove them out of those lands into the least desirable lands in out-of-the-way corners.

First there were and are today the eastern and western of the Asiatic and the European Aryans. These were the two great divisions. One troop pressed to the southeast and became the forefathers of the Persians and Hindoos—these are the Asiatic Aryans. The other great band pressed westward, and sending one band off after another, became the various Aryan nations of Europe.

The bands that drove into Europe be-

"THE SINCEREST FLATTERY"



Copyright, 1918, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc. Small doggie with his dancing eyes and silky coat is the only REAL fur owner of 'em all.

THERE'S something about imitation that's so pleasing when it's sincere and so perplexing when there's the least bit of fun about it, that when Little Sister strives her VERY best to imitate Big Sister, well—fantastic as the thought is, after the first flush of surprise, SHE suddenly realizes that even she, herself, is an imitator in

where you live, and can't you manage one of them, either alone or with a oman friend, once in a while? How about the wife of one of your husband's friends? Can't you and he branch out and have a little wholesome, innocent, good-natured fun yourselves, without dragging poor, tired husband along, when he'd rather stay home and read his paper?

Answers "A True Wife"

Winifred Black Answers "A True Wife"

HERE'S a letter from a true wife—at least that's what she signs herself. And from the way she writes I believe she's chosen just exactly the correct name for a signature.

Read it and see what you think.

DEAR WINIFRED BLACK: I am very interested in what you write at all times, and never miss your column. This is a beautiful story you write about the shaded lamp, but you must remember that to give that cheerful glow that same lamp must be cleaned and filled. I don't you or any one else should think that keeping house is all fun. My dear, it sure is a pleasure to keep house and do all you can, and as far as being scolded and being responsible for other's mistakes, I am sure that every wife gets enough of that.

It's no more than right that the wife make the home bright, comfortable, quiet and understanding, but can you think of yourself as a lamp, and just be put in a pretty corner and be contented just because some one else loves to have you there, to rest his tired body?

Now, dear Winifred Black, I am a wife, and my husband works down town, as you call it. I know that he works hard and is all worn out when he gets home, but I also know that he needs other men and women all day long and it gives him a chance to hear all kinds of things and see all kinds of people, where I am at home keeping house and worrying about lots of things.

We live in the suburbs and keep two cows and four horses and 100 chickens. Now, while hubby is down town working I've got my hands full, and I start to work before he does, and I am awful tired when night comes and very glad to go to bed and rest. Yet at times I would love to go to a show with him and then to dinner, but he gets home and just wants to stay there.

Now I am glad that he loves his home, but just the same, as it would help me to be better and make me happy, I think a little show with hubby once in a while will help wifery to be a better shaded lamp when he comes home.

The Other Side

All about the little shaded lamp that I wrote of a while ago—just a pretty, quiet glow of comfort and joy and understanding in the home—and oh, how cross that shaded lamp story has made a lot of women, and how much it has pleased a lot of others.

The men are quite enthusiastic over it, but some of them do seem to take it just a bit too much for granted after all.

Now, as to this particular letter, and this particular problem—dear True Wife, I'm sorry for you, I really am—just kind of gently, reasonably sorry.

For, after all, you know, you have a good home and a devoted husband, and nothing to worry about except the fact that you don't go to the "shows," and very glad to go to bed and rest. Yet at times I would love to go to a show with him and then to dinner, but he gets home and just wants to stay there.

I don't blame you for being a bit bored—but I don't see why you should be so tragic about it. Why should you think that your husband's business is to entertain and amuse you?

Isn't it something that he takes good care of you, and is kind and considerate in most things?

Can't you amuse yourself once in a while, and isn't there anybody in the world to entertain you—but him?

Have you no other friends, no other resources in the world? As for "shows," are there no such things as matinees in the town

pace. Have you tried it? Of course, your mother approves of this, doesn't she?

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: You have given so much good advice to young girls and boys that I feel you will be able to help me out of my difficulties.

I am a young man, 18 years old, of a well-to-do family, and have a good education. At present I am not considering marriage, and go out with girls occasionally. There is a certain girl living on our street with whom I have spoken on several occasions, but with whom I have never gone out. Last week some one, whom I do not know, announced my engagement to this young girl, who is two years my junior. I do not think that such a blur should be put on a young girl's name, and therefore ask you if there is any way in which I can remedy this matter. PUZZLED.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Serum from Human Veins

New Cure for Pneumonia

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG
A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins University)

WITH human blood serum, thirty-seven seriously ill victims of pneumonia, with complicated influenza, have been triumphantly treated by Lt. W. R. Redden and Lieutenant-Commander L. W. McGuire of the United States Navy at the Naval Base Hospital, Chelsea, Mass. These two naval officers conquered the pneumonia, and 36 of the 37 victims have fully recovered. This percentage of recovery is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that until the naval physicians employed blood as medicine their patients with pneumonia had less chance of recovery than one in two.

Blood serum from soldiers and sailors who had just recovered from influenza-pneumonia was used.

Lt. Redden hit upon the brilliant plan from the results of treatment by Prof. Simon Flexner upon children who had recovered from infantile paralysis, and which Dr. Allen Chesney adopted practically in the poliomyelitis epidemic among children two years ago.

The blood of patients recovered from pneumonia was tested to see if it was monized with the new patient's blood. Usually the blood of 30 to 35 convalescents was thus tested, and made ready to contain have plenty of antibodies serum ready for a full treatment. Each treatment was generally six to ten drops of the heated blood, inoculated into the pneumonia victim's arm or leg veins.

The New Method.

Blood to the amount of a pint or two was donated by each convalescent, thankful and happy to be of such noble service to their fellow-fighters.

About 15 tablespoons or nine gunces of serum remains from a little less than a quart of blood. The blood donated is allowed to clot for an hour. Bacteriological tests are made of it to insure its freshness and purity, and it is put on ice over night.

The serum is cleared of all foreign particles in an electrical wheel-centrifugal machine—and then bottled. Three-tenths of 1 per cent. of tricozol—a creosote-carbolic-like stuff—is put into the serum to preserve it. It is not used within half a day. However, it was nearly always used up within a day, the process of serum being used only in seven cases.

None of the men who donated blood were in the least inconvenienced by the contribution of a full quart. Most of them were keen to give much more.

Nearly All Saved.

Although this revolutionary treatment of influenza-pneumonia patients with curative human serum has been in use only a few weeks, the most extraordinary results secured are so full of promise that it might seem to be negligence for physicians now to treat pneumonia without it. No harm can come from its use, and any hospital without some of the convalescent serum on ice storage should be considered as sinful in omission as if it had no X-ray outfit, no sterilizer or no emergency medicines.

A bacteriologist, a well-equipped laboratory, correct technique and laboratory procedure and a physician who knows how to transfuse blood are all that appear necessary to save 97 per cent. of pneumonia victims instead of only 40 to 50 per cent. as heretofore.

Answers to Health Questions

H. B. R. Q.—Please advise me of a good iron to take.

A.—Blaud's iron pills—not a "patent medicine"—are good for the blood.

R. M. M. Q.—Please tell me what to use for nits.

A.—Please give me something for chapped hands.

A.—What is good to put on a child's finger nails to keep him from biting them?

A.—Kindly tell me what to do for eczema.

A.—Wash the hair in acetic acid and water. Then brush the hair thoroughly. Repeat this several times on successive nights.

A.—Massage the hands with a little glycerine and water.

A.—Put bitter alum on the child's finger nails at night.

A.—Use a little of the following for eczema:

Salecylic acid..... 15 grains
Bismuth pers..... 1 dram
Phenol..... 10 drops
Sulphur..... 1 dram
Petrolatum..... 4 ounces
Wool fat..... 1/2 ounce

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He cannot always undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will be answered personally if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address ALL INQUIRIES to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, in care of this office.

Diary of a Fashion Model

By GRACE THORNCLIFFE

Solving the Problem of a Simple Yet Striking Theatre Gown.

VELVET gowns with rather high rounded necks are popular for theatre wear. These theatre gowns differ from the more elaborate luncheon gowns only in the fact that their colors are more brilliant.

Children wear in shades of blue, rose, Nile green, castor and pearl gray develop these gowns in charming simplicity of line, with a bit of vivid contrast in the facing of a tunic or apron.

Sometimes Mme. Francis uses a deep collar of rare velvet as the only trimmings. These collars are frequently as deep as capes, being the old-fashioned bertha reversed or cut to the proper shape. Duchess lace, Point Venise, Brussels Point and Van Dyck lace are exquisite against a velvet background.

The theatre gown of our illustration is of Alice blue chiffon velvet. I should say that the sleeves are the most unusual thing about it—and yet there is that little overlapping right angle at the side front, accented by a button and bound buttonhole, which looks so simple and is just the one thing needed to break the waistline.

The same little right angle idea is used on the sleeves, above puffings of velvet, let in at the elbow. Below these puffings run the long tight velvet cuffs which complete the picturesque sleeves. These cuffs are pointed over the hands.

The round neck is faced and lies flatly against the flesh. It is cut away sufficiently at the sides to show the shoulder beyond the rounded column of the neck.

An interesting color note is found in the facing of the tunic. Pale yellow charmeuse is the color complement for blue. Glimpses of this exquisite canary shade are observed in the cascade of the tunic, which, falling to meet across the front, gives a long line to the figure in the unbroken panel of the straight narrow skirt that falls beneath this tunic. The tunic isn't applied in the skirt. Instead it falls in a slightly gathered line, giving somewhat the effect of a pleated skirt.

Mrs. Francis duplicated this gown in dove gray velvet, and faced the tunic with the most wonderful shade of rose charmeuse. With this gown is worn a flat hat of black velvet. Around the crown runs a double wreath of closely set, tiny realer roses in two shades of rose—one row being light, the other dark. This sounds a bit vivid, perhaps, but the "ensemble" is strikingly lovely on the beautiful blonde girl for whom it was designed.

The same lucky girl ordered another theatre gown of Nile green velvet with touches of greenish cloth of silver, which appear in a gauze ribbon girdle and on the sleeves. The wide Japanese sleeves of this green velvet dress are faced with this cloth of silver, which has the green of a tropical sea in the depths of its waves.

The hat that completes the picture of the blue velvet gown I have described to you is one of the artistic flat shapes. Two "wreaths" of paradise run at different angles and yet preserve a delightful "composition"—as an artist would say can the general effect of the hat.

I am quite in love with this type of hat. Sometimes the younger girls wish the big black velvet hats faced with this cloth of silver.

Alice Blue Chiffon Velvet Gown for Theatre Wear.

fresh pink Georgette crepe. This color is charming with a youthful complexion, and will soften the lines of the older face. Such a hat is lovely for a bridesmaid.

In fact this costume would make an exquisite photo for a bridesmaid, especially if there were only one attendant, as happens so often nowadays at the quiet war weddings which occur with infrequent frequency.

Annex Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine interest from press across readers of this page, and will reply to them in these columns. Letters to Miss Laurie should be addressed to her, care of this office.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: I am a young woman of 24. No one seems to care for me, although I have been told several times that I am a good entertainer and attractive

looking. I have a dreadful horror of passing the old maid line.

What shall I do to find love and a good man in such short notice?

WINIFRED.

SILLY: I do not like to have you sign yourself as you do. Surely no young man would admire a girl who considered herself silly. When you are ready to take a position put the very best you have in you into your work. Improve yourself by reading and keeping abreast of the times. You will find many young men who will be anxious to be your friends if you'll just be your sensible self.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: I am a girl 15 years of age, am taking a business course, but will be ready for a position in a few days. I think I am now getting old enough to be noticed by the boys a little.

PUZZLED:

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: You have given so much good advice to young girls and boys that I feel you will be able to help me out of my difficulties.

I am a young man, 18 years old, of a well-to-do family, and have a good education. At present I am not considering marriage, and go out with girls occasionally. There is a certain girl living on our street with whom I have spoken on several occasions, but with whom I have never gone out. Last week some one, whom I do not know, announced my engagement to this young girl, who is two years my junior. I do not think that such a blur should be put on a young girl's name, and therefore ask you if there is any way in which I can remedy this matter. PUZZLED.

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